

The PRESTON PANS

GARLAND,

Composed of Three

NEW SONGS.

1. A New Song on the Battle of Preston Pans.
2. JOCKEY and JENNY.
3. The COMPLAINING LOVER.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The PRESTON-PANS Garland, &c.



A New Song on the *Battle of Preston Pans.*

THE Chevalier being void of Fear,
Did march up *Birsy Brae* Man,
And thro' *Tranent* e'er he did stint,
As fast as he could gae Man.

While General *Cope* did taunt and mock,
Wi' many a loud Huzza Man,
But ere the Morn proclaim'd the Cock,
We heard another *Craw* Man.

The brave *Lochell*, as I heard tell,
Led the *Cameron*s on in Clouds Man;
The Morning fair and clear the Air,
They losed wi' devilish Thuds Man.

Down Guns they threw and Swords they drew
And soon did chase them off Man:
On *Seaton* Crofts they buft their Chafte,
And gar'd them run like dast Man,

Th

The bluff Dragoons swore Blood and Wounds
 They'd make the Rebels run Man;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And wi'nae fire a Gun Man.

They turn'd their Backs the Foot they brack
 Such terror seiz'd them a' Man;
 Some wet their Cheeks some fil'd their Breaks
 And some for Fear did fa' Man

Our Volunteers prick'd up their Ears,
 And vow but they were crouse Man;
 But when the Bairns saw it turn to earns,
 They were not worth a Louse Man.

Maist feck of them for Shame gaed Hame,
 They'd better stay'd awa' Man,
 Than wi' Cockades to make Parade,
 And do nathing at a' Man.

When *Monteith* the Great her nanesel sheat,
 Unawars did ding him o'er Man,
 And wad nae stand to bear-a-hand
 But off fou' fast did scoure Man.

O'er *Sontrie* Hill e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted Meat Man,
 Troth he may brag of his swift Nag,
 That bare him off sae fleet Man.

But *Simpson* keen to clear the Een,
 Of Rebels far in wrong Man;
 Did neyer strive wi' Pistols five,
 But gallop'd wi' the Throng Man.

He turn'd his Back and in a Crack,
 Was clear out of a' Sight Man;
 And thought at best it was nae Jest,
 Wi' *Highlanders* to fight Man.

Amongst a' the Gang nane bade the Bang,
 But twa and ane was tane Man;
 For *Campbel* rade, but *Mayrice* staid,
 And sare he paid the Kaim Man.

Fell Skelps he got was worse than Shot,
 Frae the sharp edg'd Claymore Man;
 Frae many a Spout came running out,
 His reaking red hot Gore Man.

But *Gardiner* brave did still behave,
 Like to a Heroe bright Man;
 His Courage true like him were few
 And still despised the flight Man.

For Kings and Laws and Country's Cause,
 In Honours Bed he lay Man;
 His Life; but not his Courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw Man.

But

But Major *Bowles* that worthy Soul,
 Was brought down to the Ground Man;
 His Horse being shot it was his Lot,
 For to get many a wound Man,

Lieutenant *Smith* of *Irish* birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for Aid Man,
 Being full of dread lap o'er his Head,
 And wadnay be gainfaid Man.

He made sick Haste, sae spur'd his Beast,
 It was little there he saw Man;
 To *Berwick* rode and falsly said,
 The *Scots* were Rebels a' Man.

But let that end for well it's kend
 His use, and wonts to see Man;
 The *Teague* is nought, he never fought,
 When he had room to flee Man.

But gallant Roger like a Soldier,
 Stood and bravely fought Man:
 I'm wae to tell at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought Man.

Wi' his last Breath at point of Death,
 Some standing round in ring Man,
 On his Back laying flat he woy'd his Hat,
 And cry'd G—lave the King Man

But

But *Highland* Rogues like hungry Dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue Man,
 About they fac'd and in great Haste,
 Upon the Booty flew Man.

And they as Gain for a' their Pains,
 Are deck'd wi' Spoils of War Man ;
 Few bold can tell how her nanefell,
 Was ne'er sae braw before Man

At the Thorn Tree which you may see,
 Bewest the Meadow-mill Man,
 There many slain lay on the Plain
 The Clans pursuing still Man.

Sick unco Hacks, and deadly Whacks,
 I never saw the like Man,
 Last Hands and Heads cost chem their Deads,
 That fell near *Preston* Dike Man.

At afternoon when a' was done
 I gade to see the Frae Man
 But had I wist what after pass'd,
 I'd better stay'd away Man.

On *Seaton* Sands wi' nimble Hands,
 They pick'd my Pockets bare Man ;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick Fear,
 For a' the fume and mare Man

Jockey



JOCKEY and JENNY

I'LL give thee jewels *Jenny*, and I'll give thee rings,
I And I'll give thee diamonds and other fine things.
I'll give thee a silk pericoat fring'd up to the knee,
To leave father and mother and go along with me.

I'll have none of your jewels *Jockey*, nor none of
your rings,
Nor none of your Diamonds or other fine Things,
Nor none of your silk pericoat fring'd to the knee,
But thro' the wide world I'll gang along with thee.

My father's a shepherd keeps sheep on that Hill,
And you may go to him and ask his good will,
In troth will I *Jenny* and bring an answer to thee,
And among the green Bushes my *Jenny* met me.

Good morrow old father. your feeding your flock
Will you lend me an ew hog to keep up my stock?
In troth will I *Jockey* and gang home with thee,
And among the green Bushes my *Jenny* met me.

Then *Jockey* and his lover before him did stand,
Like two loyal lovers they joig'd hand in hand,
Oh! this is the ew-hog I did crave of thee,
And among the green Bushes my *Jenny* met me.

Fie *Jockey* on thee! thou hast me beguil'd,
For little I thought it had been my own child,
But since it is so in wedlock agree,
And it's thro' the green Bushes my *Jenny* met me.



The COMPLAINING LOVER.

ONCE I had a true Love, but now I have none,
With Clouds of great Sorrow, which makes my Heart
My cruel base Patents, they have in Collouge (moan)
To banish all Thoughts from my Drummond the Vogue.

Oh! he's witty, he's pretty, his bonny black Hair,
He's very well limbed, and his Countenance fair;
The fairest of Creatures with him can Collogue,
I'll banish all Rebels from Drummond the Vogue.

There's the Pink, the Lilly, and the sweet blooming Rose,
The sweetest of Flowers that we can compose,
She'll make the best Garland that ever was seen,
Yet above all the Rest we crown Drummond the Queen.

It's once he did love me, yet I hope for to see
Once more to be blest in his sweet Company;
With sack and Canary I'll fill a full Coge,
And I'll drink a good Health unto Drummond the Vogue.

Now I am resolved to cross the wide Main,
To France and to Germany and proud Spain,
I'll travel the World till my Jemmy I see,
For he's plowing the Deep, and he's thinking of me.

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